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Memorial Address

Delivered in St. Peter's Church, Cazenovia, N. Y., upon the day of the burial of President McKinley, Sept. 19, 1901.

By the Rector,

Rev. John T. Rose.

Cazenovia, N.Y. 1901

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For the third time within the average life of a generation the people of this great Republic bow in sorrow and shame over the bier of a murdered chief magistrate. Sorrow for the untimely taking off of a great and good man representing the sovereignty of the Nation; shame that there exists among us any one capable of such a deed, and that there are men who can rejoice at its commission. Have we trusted Liberty too far? Have we in our national optimism forgotten the admonition of Holy writ, viz: that the imaginations of men are vain and prone to evil?

As when our common mother land is in danger all internal strife and debate cease at the shore line, so today there is no North, no South, no East, no West; no

factional distinctions of any kind whatsoever,—but as Americans, citizens of a common country, loyal to one flag, we clasp hands over the grave of our murdered President. The bitterness of grief is ours, but withal there is a stern determination to uphold and defend the laws and the institutions for which he stood as the chief citizen of the Republic.

It is not my purpose to pronounce a eulogy upon the life and public services of William McKinley; that will be done in many places and by many men, today, and I doubt not that we are ready to say Amen to the encomiums upon the character and services of the late President. His fame in history is secure. His last speech in Buffalo followed so soon by his martyrdom has lifted him above judgement by partisan or sectional standards; the long

pathway over which his mortal remains have been borne from the bed of death to the Ohio town that was the home of his youth and mature manhood has been strewn with the blossoms of autumn; the strains of the beautiful hymn, "Nearer my God to Thee," have been wafted from village to town, and town to city; thousands have stood uncovered in respectful silence while the funeral car rolled by, while other thousands have looked reverently for the last time upon the marble features of America's great son, and the whole people in unity of spirit have looked on in sympathy, sorrow and love.

The Iron Duke rests after battle among England's worthies.

Napoleon sleeps in the city that saw his triumphs and witnessed his fall.

The stern Ulysses is in peace where his

mausoleum overlooks our own mighty Hudson.

These were men of valor, men of the sword. They were followed, respected, even revered—but they were feared rather than loved.

All that is mortal of William McKinley will today be consigned to its last resting place while the Nation, or rather the World, weeps, and all hearts are filled with tenderness and love for the memory of the man as he lived and died among men. There may his ashes rest lightly upon him until the archangel's trump shall sound for him and us the dawn of the eternal morn; and I believe that future generations will think of him with something of the same reverential affection with which all Americans think of the great Virginian, the Father of his country, who sleeps be-

side Potomac's shore.

We ask at such a time as this,—Why should it be this way?

We ask when some dark affliction or providence comes to us, "Why should it be this way?"

What is this great, mysterious law,
That rules us as we grope our way;
Which breaks the stone that showed no flaw
And spares the most ignoble clay?

A serpent coiled with treacherous art
Where fair profusion blossoms deep,
Dares strike a man of noblest heart
And leave a world bereft to weep.

The secret, strange and fathomless,
Defies us as the ages run;
Our little minds, in their distress
Can but repeat: "Thy will be done."

Yes, this is the only answer, "Thy will be done;" and happy is the man who can

say the words with the courage and faith of the good President, who had the words upon his lips as he went down into the dark waters, and we believe that angels clasped him on the other side.

Men die, but God's manifestation of Himself in history continues. We return from the grave of the President to take up again the duties and conflicts of life. In so far as we cherish the example of the dead President, let it be to us an inspiration to fuller consecration to the service of our God, our country, and our fellow beings.

God reigns, the government lives. To our present rulers we owe loyalty and support in all good ways. To the serious problems that confront us we must give the attention of faithful, God-fearing men. As we pay our last tribute of love and re-

spect to the noble President, whose memory the nation will ever cherish, let us say with all reverence and loyalty, "The President is dead! God save and guide the President!"

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